

# Rodeo

Garth Brooks

His eyes are cold and restless  
His wounds have almost healed  
And she'd give half of Texas  
Just to change the way he feels  
She knows his love's in Tulsa  
And she knows he's gonna go  
Well it ain't no woman flesh and blood  
It's that damned old rodeo

Well it's bulls and blood  
It's dust and mud  
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd  
It's the white in his knuckles  
The gold in the buckle  
He'll win the next go 'round  
It's boots and chaps  
It's cowboy hats  
It's spurs and latigo  
It's the ropes and the reins  
And the joy and the pain  
And they call the thing rodeo

She does her best to hold him  
When his love comes to call  
But his need for it controls him  
And her back's against the wall  
And it's So long girl I'll see you  
When it's time for him to go  
You know the woman wants her cowboy  
Like he wants his rodeo

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It's dust and mud  
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd  
It's the white in his knuckles  
The gold in the buckle  
He'll win the next go 'round  
It's boots and chaps  
It's cowboy hats  
It's spurs and latigo  
It's the ropes and the reins  
And the joy and the pain  
And they call the thing rodeo  
It'll drive a cowboy crazy  
It'll drive the man insane  
And he'll sell off everything he owns  
Just to pay to play the game  
And a broken home and some broken bones  
Is all he'll have to show  
For all the years that he spent chasin'  
This dream they call rodeo

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It's dust and mud  
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd  
It's the white in his knuckles  
The gold in the buckle

He'll win the next go 'round  
It's boots and chaps  
It's cowboy hats  
It's spurs and latigo  
It's the ropes and the reins  
And the joy and the pain  
And they call the thing rodeo

It's the broncs and the blood  
It's the steers and the mud  
And they call the thing rodeo